

# The Alleghanian.

BOLSINGER & HUTCHINSON,

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

PUBLISHERS.

VOL. 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1859.

NO. 6.

## THE ALLEGHANIAN

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**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.  
**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. SHANE, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7½ in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.  
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Western, " " 6 " " A. M.  
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" Mail Train, " 7.48 P. M.  
East—Express Train, " 12.26 P. M.  
" Mail Train, " 6.28 A. M.  
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## COUNTY OFFICERS.

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**Prothonotary**—Joseph McDonald.  
**Recorder and Recorder**—Michael Hasson.  
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**Deputy Sheriff**—George C. K. Zahm.  
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**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkaid.  
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**Tax Collector**—George Gurley.  
**Assessor**—Richard T. Davis.  
**Judge of Election**—David J. Jones.  
**Inspectors**—David H. Roberts, Daniel O. Evans.

## HUMOROUS POETRY.

From the California Golden Era.  
**Some Verses to Snails.**

Prodigious reptile! long and skaly kuss!  
You are the dadrattedest biggest thing I ever  
Seed that cud ty itself into a double bo—  
Not, and cum all strate again in a  
Minnit or so, without winkin or seemin  
To experience any particular pane  
In the diafram.

Stoopinjus inseck! marvelous annimile!  
You are no doubt seven thousand years  
Old, and hav a considerable of a  
Family sneeking round thru the tall  
Gras in Africa, a cetin up little greasy  
Niggers, and a wishin they was bigger.  
Yu are the same miserable devile,  
I'll bet, that put redicklus noshuns  
Into the head of Eve, or his unk, I,  
Don't no which.

I wonder how big yu was when yu  
Was a inphat about 2 fete long? I  
Expec yu was a purty good size, and  
Lived on phrogs, and lizzards, and polly-  
Wegs and stuch things.

Yu are havin a nice time now, ennyhow—  
Don't have nothin to do but lay oph.  
And ete kats and rabbits, and stic  
Out your tung and twist your tale.  
I wonder if yu ever swollered a man  
Without takin oph his butes. If there was  
Brass buttons on his kote, I spose  
Yu had ter swallow a lot of buttin-  
Wholes, and a shd-hamer to neck  
The soals oph the boots and drive in  
The tax, so that they wouldn't kut yure  
Stumtick. I wonder if vittles taste  
Good all the way down. I expec so—  
At least, fur 6 or 7 fete.

You are so mighty long, I shud thynk  
If your tale was kold, yure hed  
Woodent no it till next day,  
But its hard to tell; snails is snail.

## PERSONAL.

From the CENTRAL PRESS.  
**Hon. Andrew G. Curtin.**

Localities are celebrated most for the kind of men they produce. National advantages are prized as they are developed, and in all communities, for long series of years, there seems to be a hereditary superiority in the abilities and usefulness of individuals, which do not recognize charters for greatness, or ask a patent to achieve renown. The great men of Pennsylvania, descending through a long line, not connected by the ties of consanguinity; but preserving an affiliation in usefulness and ambition, have appeared in different localities, and have given to each locality in turn a celebrity which went to increase the fame and enhance the dignity of the whole Commonwealth. It is this fact, first giving a local character to a man and then allowing his usefulness to gain for him a reputation abroad, that really constitutes a great man. It was this that made the elder BURNSIDE so famous in his day. He had a reputation at home, won a great fame abroad, and has immortalized his name in the Judicial history of the State. It was this fact also that yielded its influence to embalm the name of HUSTON, and make his character even now a rich example for the emulation of men in all classes of society. These men and their contemporaries created a name for their locality, and threw around it the fame that it now possesses. That fame is to be enjoyed by those who inherited it. And thus the glory, grandeur and usefulness of communities, instead of decaying with time, improves with years. Thus in this age, generations mark their departure, not by the destruction of the works of men, but by the great improvement in their progress, and the glorious promises of that perfection which the future condition of men is daily revealing.

We were led to these reflections by an announcement which we made in the CENTRAL PRESS last week, of a resolution passed by the Republican County Convention, nominating ANDREW G. CURTIN for Governor. With the mere political movement we have nothing to do—in the man, this community has much invested, and we but reiterate a fact when we assert that no man possesses a larger share of public confidence and esteem at home, than ANDREW G. CURTIN. He is to the manor born. In this locality his very name is a tower of strength—and either in or out of politics, amid the exciting scenes and contests of his profession or in the reciprocity of the amenities and courtesies of society, Col. Curtin commands the respect of his fellows, and never fails to win the confidence of the people with whom he comes in contact. There are always men who seem to be born leaders, and he is one of them. He wins by intuition, as much by the grace of his learning, as by the

fiery zeal of his nature. As a lawyer, he is keen, sagacious, and when full engaged in a cause, irresistible in his efforts. In his professional style, we can compare him only to one man, and that is himself—a compliment which few lawyers deserve, if we are to take the host of miserable institutions of great men that now fill the legal lists. Educated to the profession at an early age, and graduating under the best masters, we have known the most ordinary men to succeed in business—but there is something more than mere business or personal success to be gained—something more than mere reputation, something higher than the bauble of fame, to be achieved in a contest with men. He who strives alone for applause, will go down to the grave unsatisfied. A man who labors alone to gather wealth, finds, in his old age, that he has gathered innumerable sources of annoyances around him. But the man who, while he struggles for position, erects a platform broad and strong enough for his friends to stand upon, has the satisfaction of witnessing the good he has accomplished, in the improvement of those around him. And we do not descend to fulsome flattery in according this kind of success to ANDREW G. CURTIN. There are old men in this county who feel this sentiment with more force than the one who now pens it—and there are young men just entering on their careers of anticipated usefulness, who will acknowledge the force of the example which we have adduced, and who would rally to his standard, in disregard of party ties or political obligations.

Will the People's Party nominate ANDREW G. CURTIN? This is a grave question for an independent journalist—but we have a notion that he is the strongest man yet brought forward. He can rally two elements, which no other man in the State can command or control. We allude to young men who are just entering on politics, and that conservative body of Old Line Whigs who retired from politics with the disbanding of the Whig party. This will be a powerful influence in the next and many future political contests in Pennsylvania as well as the Union. Joined to it, will be the conservative portion of the Democratic party, which will never again rally in a distinct organization with the present clique, which derives its power from Administration favors. These elements, which now look alone to the welfare of the State and Nation, Col. CURTIN can command at home, and from what we know of the man, he can command the same abroad. The Republican Convention must consider this when they make their nominations. They must reflect that hereafter the mere politician cannot hope to impose himself on the people, and that candidates for Executive position must be recommended by other than party devotion. Pennsylvania has great interests, and the people are bound to have them recognized by those who aspire to their favor. She has influence, and it must be wielded by a man—by one who has a knowledge of and a respect for her resources. Col. CURTIN has evinced this knowledge, and proven this respect. While Secretary of State, during Pollock's administration, he gave the highest evidence of his Executive powers, and we are not doing Gov. POLLOCK the least injustice in asserting that the reputation which his administration earned for him for impartiality and vigor, was as much owing to the energy of Col. CURTIN as it was to his own peculiar dignity and suzerainty. Every man acquainted with the Secretary's office, understands its multifarious duties—and no man acquainted with Col. CURTIN, while occupying that position, will deny to him the highest administrative abilities. His zeal and devotion to the system of Common School Education, the present arrangement of which is owing to his energies, and the condition of which is as near perfection as possible. None but a Statesman of enlarged views could see the workings of such a system through years. And none but a philanthropist could wait for the slow success of such a system for his reward. And this reward will be only fully meted out when the name of ANDREW GREGG CURTIN is written over the door of every school-house in the cities, towns, villages and hamlets of the State of Pennsylvania.

We are justified in thus alluding to one of the most eminent citizens of Centre county. He is in the hands of his political friends, and the Convention which will possess the nominating authority will also have the power to discriminate between him and other good men attached to their organization. But as a political disinterested observer of the signs of the times, and looking forward to their success, with hope only so far as that success will benefit the people, we earnestly trust that ANDREW G. CURTIN may be the People's candidate for Governor in 1860.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### Power of a Mother's Name.

It is hard for the most abandoned criminal to forget a mother's love, or to be insensible to the memories of a pure and happy home in childhood. A writer in the *Times* describes a visit to the Philadelphia Penitentiary, in which he witnessed an interview between the warden and young man about to enter on his imprisonment:

We passed on the ante-room again, where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we entered. He had been sent up for five years on a charge of embezzlement.

He was attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance and careless appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watch-chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in. The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with:

"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."  
"It can't be helped old fellow."  
"What is thy age, Charles?"  
"Twenty-three."  
"A Philadelphia?"  
"Well, kinder, and kinder not."  
"Thee has disgraced thyself sadly."  
"Well, I ain't troubled, old stick."  
"Thee looks not like a rogue."  
"Matter of opinion."  
"Thee was well situated?"  
"Yes, well enough."  
"In good employ?"  
"Well, so so."  
"And thee has parents?"  
"Yes."

The convict had been standing during the brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him, he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear. He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant. He recovered partially, and said imploringly to the warden:

"Don't sir, for God's sake, don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"  
There were tears in other eyes beside the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group which surrounded the unfortunate convict.

The black cap was drawn over his eyes. He was led to an adjoining apartment and stripped and shortly afterwards he reappeared on the corridor. He passed silently in charge of a deputy keeper to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison, the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared, the chain from the outside bolts and Charles was a close prisoner for five years to come.

A neighboring contemporary thus meets his "devil's" importunities for copy:—"Copy? You imp of darkness, have the audacity to ask for copy this hot weather?—Why, the thermometer stands at ninety-eight in the coolest place in the country, @ here you are boring us for copy. Leave, you black imp! Get beyond the reach of this paste-pot, or I'll make you see \* \* \*—teach you some other calling, or put a to your atonic existence.—Copy!—the very thought of so much labor sends a ♪ through our brain. We wouldn't write a ♪ for a £, much less for a \$, @ as for a . . . . ., oh, that's entirely out of the ♪. None of your!!!! laziness—we say it's hot!—Ah! hold on—here's some—giv's the scissors—here's a poor fellow in San Francisco committed Suicide, @ McNulty sat on him—be-rimstone! what a job for a hot day—never mind, we'll appropriate that story, but don't you give any credit for it. There, now, take your ♪ out of your pockets and go to work. Put some quoin around that wash-woman's bill, and look up the elephant—throw those types that were battered by the sheepfoot into 'hell,' @ separate the pi—put the "Model Lady" on the gally, @ "The Dandy" in the case—place furniture round the "New Boarding House"—overrun the "Country"—put all the sub-heads in small caps—get "The Hay" to press—hurry up "The New Store"—distribute "The Mormons," and lay "Judge Cradlebaugh" one side—he's getting old. Justify that "Homicide" and prove the "Murder." You may tie up the "Fourth of July," the people don't seem to want it this year. Then go and jump in the creek and wash your face—it'll take it all to do it—and at the same time drive away the shark. And mind you don't come here again for copy before the next mail comes in.

## BALKY HORSES—BALKY MASTER.

A farmer of an irascible temper came into possession of a very fine animal, of most docile disposition. When the farmer purchased him, he was highly pleased with his bargain. For some weeks the animal worked admirably; but as the owner became accustomed to the brute, his irritable temper would display itself, and occasionally in his anger he would punish him severely for the most trifling fault. In a few months the animal became irritable also, balky, and at times quite unruly. The farmer, who could not see how much injury he was doing himself, continued his brutality. The result was as might be expected—a really valuable brute was spoiled. He became nervous and dangerous. The farmer was in despair, and would have been glad could he have found a purchaser for him. A neighbor of the farmer, who saw how he had maltreated the beast, offered to accept him at the owner's terms, which were not hard. Now, mark the end. The new proprietor was a man of kind but firm disposition. He at once commenced treating the animal as if he could be reached by reason. The horse experiencing a difference between his present and former treatment, soon recovered his temper. He ceased to fear and tremble at every one who approached him, and in less time than it took to spoil him, he was brought back to his original docile disposition.

How IT WAS DONE.—The name of the man carried over Niagara on Blondin's back is Harry Molcard. He is Blondin's agent, and is every way a larger man than Blondin, who is rather slender, and not tall. Molcard has not been accustomed to the rope, but he had such confidence in Blondin that he resolved to venture. When Blondin started on the return he had tied on each side of his thighs a semi-circular piece of iron; these supported the legs of Molcard, and balanced the weight of his body. Blondin said the cause of his stopping so often on his return was that the strap which held the balancing pole, being covered with woolen, rubbed the back of his neck and made it very sore. He says he talked all the time to Molcard when they were on the rope, and thus they cheered each other on. There was a rope tied to the waist of each, and it was engaged that if either fell, the other was to throw himself on the opposite side of the rope.

WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—Emerson.

TOUCHING.—A few days ago, a bright little girl of probably three or four summers, who recently lost her father, came up to Professor Wise, at the Jones' House, and said:

"Mr. Wise, wont you take me up with you in your balloon?"

"Why do you want to go, my dear?" replied the Professor.

"I want to see my papa," was the touching response.

A tear was visible in the aeronaut's eye as he assured her that it was impossible for him to take her high enough to see her papa.—*Lafayette Journal.*

NEW PAPER.—A French gentleman, an amateur in chemistry, has discovered a new mode of making paper. It is simply by boiling slices of wood with a certain quantity of mineral and vegetable alkali. If the statement of the inventor may be relied upon, who intends to practice his method on a large scale, he can produce from fifty-four kilogrammes of slices of firewood, and five kilogrammes of alkali, a ream of very large paper as white as snow and as fine as silk.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.—A pretty girl attended a ball, recently, decked off in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked. She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

"There never came a hearty laugh,  
From out a villain's throat."

The most potent labor-saving machine is a large fortune left by your aunt.

A very good way to make eye-water is to run your nose against a lamp-post.

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only four ounces.

When does a man shave with a silver razor? When he cuts off his 'heirs' with a shilling!

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than he who is no better?

The celebrated leaning tower of Pisa is 315 feet high, and has an inclination from the perpendicular of 12 feet.

A classic editor says, if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, that the Dryads were the ones who brought the towels.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

A punster at the point of death, being advised to eat a piece of pullet, declined, saying he feared it might "lay on his stomach."

The arms of a pretty girl, wound tightly around your neck, is said to be an infallible remedy in case of sore throat.—It beats "yarb-tea" all hollow.

The estimated force of gunpowder when exploded, is at least 14,750 pounds on every square inch of surface which confines it.

In the United States there are six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers, but the census does not tell which class does the most shaving.

A yankee, who had just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no "w" in that language, that "them chaps spells wagon?"

Mr. Pescator keeps a tavern. The only objection visitors have to Pescator is, he is too clean. Before he cuts you a piece of steak, he always licks the knife, so as it may not have any taste of haw and "them eggs."

Here is a little epigram which is as neatly turned as a pretty girl's ankle:—"I saw him kiss your cheek; 'Tis true." "Oh, modesty!" "Twas strictly kept." He thought me asleep; at least I know." He thought I thought he thought I slept."

A Frenchman, soliciting relief, said very gravely to his fair hearer:—"Ma'mselle, I never beg but dat I have von wife wid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make deir bread out of but the perspiration of my own eye-brows."

An imaginative gentleman, speaking of the extreme heat of New Orleans, stated that he saw a negro helping to discharge a vessel loaded with pig lead, but before he could carry it on land, the lead melted and ran all over him, so that he had to be dug out with a cold chisel!

Two punsters being in company together, one desired the other to make a pun upon the following words—di, do, dum; when, upon a little consideration, he produced the following:—"When Did found Enas did not come, She mourned in silence, and was Di-do-dum," (dumb.)

An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied:—"They're 'andsome—quite so—but they don't quite hawsner my expectations; besides, I got thoroughly vettled, and me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in a hingsraving in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

It appears that in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union:

In Christian lands it isn't so;  
The bridegroom and the bride  
To logger-heads but seldom go  
Until the knot is tied.

A gentleman thought he'd like something painted in the hall of a new house, and chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged an Irishman for the job, who went to work and painted the hall red. Gentleman enters. "Nice color, H., but where are the Israelites?"

"Oh, they've passed over!"

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same length back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all who may come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."